

THE ARGUS.

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Tuesday, December 21, 1915.

Rock Island—From River to River.

If you failed to do your Christmas shopping early do it as early as you can.

A 14-year-old boy was fatally shot at Alpha, Mich. by his little brother. Will the unloaded gun never stop going off?

Nowadays if she wants to take up ice skating she has to have not only skates, but skating shoes, skating cap, skating suit. Formerly the skates were all that was necessary. It's expensive in these preparedness days.

There was a threat to remove the newspaper correspondents from the Ford peace party because of alleged sensational wireless reports sent out by them. But, after careful consideration, it was decided not to do so. If it wasn't for the newspaper men there wouldn't be any Ford peace party.

Although the republican national committee is strongly stampet, it yielded to the demand of the progressive members of that body that the national convention be held in Chicago. The argument of the progressive members was that the proposed reunion of the republican factions should be attempted in the hall where disunion occurred in 1912.

If you expect to be one of those assisting to make the poor children of the city happy at Christmas you will have to hurry along your contribution to The Argus Santa Claus Fund. The committee is now engaged in buying gifts and goodies to be distributed Christmas eve among the poor youngsters, of whom there are nearly one thousand. Send your donation either to The Argus office or to the headquarters of the Santa Claus committee in the Robinson building, Second avenue and Eighteenth street.

HARRY LAUDER ON THRIFT.

Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch comedian, who has made millions laugh, and who commands a fabulous salary for his vaudeville sketches, believes in thrift. He wouldn't be a Scotchman if he did not. "Easy come, easy go" is the rule in professions where big money is made for little effort. The theatrical profession is noted for its spending propensities, but Harry believes in saving. Out of his earnings he accumulated enough to subscribe \$50,000 to the British war loan—patriotism at four per cent.

Harry has a few homely maxims on thrift that have been widely circulated during the war period in the hope that his followers would profit thereby. "Mither wadna waste," says Harry, "and I would disgrace her memory if I wasted." Here are some of his rules:

1. Behave toward your purse as you would toward your best friend.
2. View the reckless spending of money as criminal and shun the company of the reckless spender.
3. Dress neatly, but not lavishly. A bank pays a higher rate of interest than your bank.
4. Take your amusements judiciously. You will enjoy them better.
5. Don't throw away the crusts—eat them. They are nourishing as beef.
6. It is more exhilarating to feel money in your pocket than beer in your stomach.
7. Remember, it only takes 29 shillings to make a pound, and twenty pennies make a shilling.
8. You can sleep better after a hard day's work than after a hard day's idleness.
9. Get good value from your tradesmen. They watch out that they get good money from you.
10. A bank book makes good reading—better than some novels.

TO HOLD BIG TRADE.

It has been pretty generally assumed that the tremendous export trade, which the United States has experienced since the outbreak of the European war, will end with the coming of peace. But there are indications that this country will be able to retain this great volume of foreign trade when the war is ended. Within the past few months no less than six authorized representative groups of expert authorities from foreign countries have visited the United States, not to place orders for war material, but to learn by careful investigation in what ways and how far this country will be able to assist in restoring industries and repairing devastation occasioned by the war. In addition to these authorized bodies several countries have sent representatives to study our general industrial capacity. China has submitted a proposition to American manufacturers, which, if accepted, will produce exports to that country in large amounts. Russia is looking to this country in the hope that we may

be able to furnish that empire with manufactured commodities and agricultural implements. Holland has sent a commission to facilitate and increase trade between that country and the United States, while many other nations are following the same plan. While the export of munitions of war will certainly end when the struggle is over, it seems equally certain that their place will be taken by an enormous export of the commodities that are used in peaceful pursuits.

QUOTING GREAT NEWSPAPERS.

Below are presented quotations from two great newspapers on the same subject.

One has the right ring of patriotism. The other is so conspicuously the product of rank political prejudice, it is startling, coming as it does from so mighty a journal as the Chicago Tribune.

In discussing the president's foreign and preparedness policies, the Tribune declares:

"It is terrifying to consider that the government will not protect the nation with suitable military measures. That President Wilson could send such a peremptory, stand-and-yeild note to Austria and could ask congress to establish such a humbug military system as he recommends is enough to convince any reasonable citizen of the United States that some day we shall run into a war made for us by the lack of any relation between what we say and what we are able to do."

It is well to contrast that utterance with the following editorial from the Chicago Herald, another great newspaper which, though partisan in many matters, is not devoid of patriotism:

"Uncle Joe Cannon's name will not be found on the roll of republican members of congress engaged in assaults upon President Wilson's handling of the European situation for the manufacture of campaign material. He made that very plain during his recent sojourn in Chicago."

"I didn't vote for Mr. Wilson in 1912 and I won't vote for him in 1916," he said, "but I won't criticize his attitude in the European matter. It is not a time for partisanship. It is a time for every one to support the president of the United States."

"Doubtless there are many who didn't vote for Wilson in 1912 who will not vote for him in 1916. But the grounds of their refusal will not be his dealings with our foreign relations. In fact, if certain narrow-minded partisans keep on a large number who didn't vote for him in 1912 are quite likely to do so in 1916 as a rebuke to the partisanship which refuses to be silent at the cannon's edge."

"In his refusal to be that sort of a partisan 'Uncle Joe' speaks the sentiments of several millions of American citizens who are perfectly willing to be partisans on domestic questions, but know where patriotic decency draws the line of censure of the president of the United States."

A newspaper which makes such loud pretensions of fairness, as does the Chicago Tribune, should not be so unfair to the administration, nor should it be so indifferent to the principle embodied in Stephen Decatur's declaration which it carries at the head of its editorial column:

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations she always has been in the right; but our country, right or wrong!"

President Wilson favors conservative preparedness. He has stood firmly for peace while other great nations were at war. He is recognized throughout the land as an able and patriotic president. That he is the greatest president since Lincoln is an opinion authoritatively expressed the country over. He needs no defense. Unfair criticism only makes him stronger, and thus has the Tribune contributed to his strength.

PLENTY OF SNOW AT U. S. CAPITAL.



Dome of U. S. capitol in distance.

Official and other folk of Washington awoke the other morning to find the city under a blanket of snow. The capitol grounds looked very beautiful with their white covering.

Before completing your Christmas shopping consult The Argus advertising columns.

Selected by Tavenner



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate.

A PEACE CREED.

(By Congressman Warren Worth Bailey of Pennsylvania.)

When the time comes I would rather go down into the dark with a hymn of peace upon my lips than with a battle ax in my hand.

When the time comes for me to cross the border I pray the Searching Eyes will find in my heart the essence of the Sermon on the Mount rather than the hatred of those who lust for blood.

I do not believe that a civilization that must always travel toward an inevitable slaughter that the journey is worth while.

I hold that the simple shepherd bent upon his pastoral duties who never leaves the confines of his valley is a greater asset to mankind than the towering intellect that devotes its God-given powers to devising new ways to murder men.

I do not believe that a culture that does not inhibit murder is worth the name.

I do not believe that earthly power and dominion are worth fighting for.

I do not believe that empires created by the sword can stand the test of time.

I do believe that in the end he who draws the sword by the sword himself will die. And I do believe that the men and the nations that place their trust in the promises of the Great Example face a sadder future than the men and the nations who trust the war-laden councils of emperors and kings.

I do not believe that might ever has or ever will make right. I do not believe that men who long defy God's laws can hold dominion of this earth, for I know that history is strewn with the wreck of empires raised by those who hurled their ambitions in the face of the living God.

I believe that he who fights and does not struggle for the oppressed, who does not elude but beat back jungle men from the temples of peace, stands condemned by his own act.

I believe that if civilization can only stand upon a foundation of war-

ships, of war taxes—of grief and woe and desolation—that civilization is a mockery and it were better that our present order took its place with the buried empires of Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome.

I believe that somewhere, sometime, some nation must point the way. I believe that somewhere, sometime some nation must face the world without malice or suspicion in its heart, and by the very power of its simple faith shame the nations that have learned to fear and hate.

I believe that it is inevitable that those against whom we arm will arm against us.

I believe that the time has gone by when the world will allow any non-resisting nation to be crushed by a jungle foe.

I believe that the nations will never disarm unless sometime some mighty people proves itself brave enough to put peace to the test of faith.

I believe that if we in this country cannot start the movement that in the end will lead to the disarmament of the powers the plague of war will desolate the world, and that finally the present order will fall and from the ruins man once again will begin his journey upward.

I believe that the eternal promises were made not only to the individual but to the nations, and believing that I would rather with a simple faith place my trust in the assurance of Almighty God than in the arbitrariness of the big guns on the battlefield.

I believe that mayhap there was a time when it was necessary that men fight in order that the fabric of civilization might exist. But I also believe that until some nation is brave enough to take the ultimate risk for the sake of the peace of the world that battles will never end. Last of all, I hold that since we are the greatest we must likewise be the bravest and whatever the risks we must lead the fight for peace.

I believe that this nation is brave of heart and I believe that we must take the risks of standing out alone because it is the dangerous thing; because by so doing we will show more courage than though we armed for war.

Some day some nation must take the risk and lead the way and I claim that honor for my land.

Man's Limitations.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it light the great cities of the world.

But he can't find a spool of thread in his wife's workbasket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line right and up. He cannot hold clothespins in his mouth while he is doing it either. He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. In short, he cannot do a hundred things that women do almost instinctively.

Do It Now.

Begin this very moment to live the right life. The man who postpones the day for living as he knows he ought to live is like the fool who sits by the river and waits till it flows no more, but it glides and will glide on till time is no more.

How She Felt.

"You are surely afraid of ghosts?" "Well, no, not afraid. I just don't like their appearance."—Exchange.



Out of Frying Pan Into Fire.

We do not believe any competent physician would ever advise a mother to "harden" a child by exposing the child to discomfort. The first law of health is "be comfortable."

A lady writes that a mother she knows has taken up our fresh air "theory" with a vengeance, and the lady found the mother exposing the scantily dressed baby on a bed near an open window, the baby blue with cold, the mother refusing to allow the lady—who suspect the lady is a settlement worker—to cover the child with a blanket, because, the mother insisted "Doctors nowadays teach us not to coddle children with too much clothing."

As one of the guilty doctors we protest. The mother must be a queer sort of mother.

All the mothers we have ever known, excepting those who indulged in intoxicating beverages, had enough common sense to keep their little ones comfortably warm. We have known many a mother, in fact most all the mothers, to overdo the dressing and injure the child's health, but never have we found a sane, unindoctrinated mother who deliberately injured her child by cruel exposure.

In urging every one, old and young, to wear no more clothing than physical comfort demands, we feel that we are doing good in the world. We know that over-dressing, coddling, and the fear of the open air that these bad habits inspire, are prolific factors of the various respiratory diseases.

If this abnormal mother described by the lady exposes her baby to the cold to the point of bluesness, then

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

ARE your whiskers fireproof?

"BULL fighting barred by Carranza."—Headline. In other words, the new president of Mexico will do all future bull throwing himself.

MERE MAN AS A SHOPPER.

"What is wanted, please?" "Well, I'll tell you. I would like to get something that would please a young lady."

"How would silk stockings do?" "Very nice, thank you. How many pairs should I buy?"

"Well, that depends how much you wish to spend on such a gift."

"Oh, I don't care for the price."

"Then I would suggest a half dozen pairs."

"Fine; wrap 'em up."

"What size, please?" "Really, I don't know. What size does a girl ordinarily wear?"

"Well, that depends."

"I guess I get you."

"Has she a sister?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't you ask her?"

"Well, I'll tell you, we are not on speaking terms. Then that would spill the beans. You see I want to surprise her. I would surely do that if I sent her stockings seven sizes too big, wouldn't I?"

"Pretty hard to tell what the effect might be on her. Of course she might exchange them."

"But I want to clean this Christmas shopping up today. Don't want any come-backs. You know what I mean."

"Yes, but I'd be sure to be away off. She's about your size of a girl. What size do you wear?"

"If I were you I wouldn't purchase on my specifications."

"Perhaps you are right, sister. Well, I guess I'll give up the stocking idea. Where's the jewelry department?"

"Next floor to the right."

Seasonable Advice.

He gazed enraptured on her face, Which had her own complexion on it.

She was a dream of witching grace, A dainty little human sonnet.

He said: "You sure look good to me! Would that I might thus always gaze."

Upon the vision now I see— It would so happily my days! The girl expectantly gazed at him.

To what this ardent lover said, She whispered, and he stooped to hear:

"Shop early, sir," the maiden said. —Strickland Gillilan.

A Ford Film.

It was just like a movie down in Cedar county the other day when Ernest McWilliams bought a new Ford and started home with it. He met a buggy with a man, woman and girl in it, and the team ran away.

The boy who was driving the car looked back to see how the team was doing, and went off the end of a bridge, breaking a rod and a lamp. Then William Reed, the blacksmith, who tried to take the car to his shop, ran it into a ditch and turned it over, throwing everybody out. Nobody hurt.

—Cass County (Mo.) Leader.

VALESKA Surratt run the curtain

down in a Milwaukee theatre and disbanded her company in a jealous rage over the applause showered by the audience on a pair of young dancers carried by her troupe. When Valeska appeared she was hissed. She will now probably decide that her forte in the movies. She can't bear the hisses there.

IT is announced Villa is coming to this country to earn his living. Well, he might start as a sidewalk cleaner. Not very remunerative, but honest.

MRS. Bob Fitzsimmons, the third, still insists she loves her husband. However, she is in the far west and the ex-champion is somewhere in the east.

WASHINGTON correspondent describes Senator Cummins as "a stalwart dry," and adds, "he is full of pep and pepper." The Davenport pianophile players say he is full of prunes.

"ROOSEVELT boom to be outcome of Gary dianer?"—Chicago Tribune headline. Wasn't it some old sage who said, "don't marry for money, lad, but goes where money is?"

Another's Opinions.

Handsome is as handsome often doesn't.

Sarcasm is to call a green maid "help."

The majority of mankind follows the golden rule—at a distance.

Some men spend a lot of time looking for traps to walk into.

When a woman's dress is described as a dream the cost is apt to prove a nightmare to her hubby.

Speaking of well-preserved women, Lot's wife was probably the best of the lot.

The man who acts contrary to his wife's advice and falls down never hears the last of it.

Some men are such tightwads that they won't even lend trouble without good security.

The average married man might not object to playing second violin if the orchestra to which he belongs would give only private performances. —Chicago News.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

A Worse Place Than Up in the Air—By John Y. Larned.

One evening at a social gathering I was introduced to a young woman—a widow—whose expression on meeting me was, to say the least, surprising. There were recognition, astonishment, pleasure, all mingled with something like wonder. It occurred to me at once that I must have met one with whom I had been connected in the past. My assurance is by no means of a low order, and I determined not to assume the defensive.

"Can it be," I hazarded, "that I have met a friend of your youth?"

"No."

"I have it. We were in Switzerland together last summer."

"We were not."

"Strange," I said, assuming a thoughtful tone and expression, "that I should remember a person distinctly and yet cannot call up the circumstances."

"I don't believe you remember having met me at all."

I smiled and confessed that I did not.

"Never mind where we met," she said, pouting.

"It wasn't up in the clouds sailing in aeroplanes, was it?"

"Upon my word, you speak in riddles! Please explain."

The lady changed the subject, speaking on ordinary topics. Curiosity led me to retain the acquaintance I had formed, and I asked permission to call. But my affairs were in bad shape at the time, and being much worried, I failed to avail myself of the permission granted. Matters went from bad to worse with me. The fact got whispered about that I was in financial difficulty, and I was pressed on every side for payment of accounts for which there were no funds ready. One morning the mail brought me a letter from John Simpson & Co., a firm doing the same kind of business that I did, stating that they had been made aware that I needed funds to tide me over difficulties and that they would be happy to advance what I required.

It is needless to say that such generosity surprised me. I had known and done business with the concern, but had no idea that it took any interest in me. I called on Mr. Simpson, the head of the firm, and offered to make a showing of my affairs with a view to proving that a loan of \$20,000 for a year would pull me through. But I could furnish no security. I was informed that I would hear from him within twenty-four hours, and the next morning's mail brought me a check for the amount I needed. No receipt to be signed was inclosed; nothing was said about a showing up of my accounts; no time was specified for payment. Twenty thousand dollars

were handed to me just as if they belonged to me. I called on Mr. Simpson at once for an explanation, but got no satisfaction.

"You go on doing business," he said, "and you have the good will of your competitors and business men generally. Don't bother your head about the money advanced. Are you sure it is a plenty?"

I assured him that it was.

Being set up on my feet, my mind was more at ease, and I resumed my social connections. One morning I was passing a shop where women's goods are sold just as a lady alighted from an auto. I recognized Mrs. Carmody, the lady who remembered me, but whom I had failed to remember. Conscious of my neglect of her permission to call upon her, I felt embarrassed; but, pulling myself together, I spoke to her, told her that a pressure of affairs had prevented my availing myself of the honor she had done me, etc.

I left her, thinking of the mystery concerning her. One thing especially puzzled me. When I had facetiously suggested that we might have met up in the air she had replied, "Worse than that." What did this mean? I resolved to get it out of her and to call upon her at once for the purpose.

"Now," I said to her when we were seated tete-a-tete in her drawing room, "I confess that I cannot remember you at all, and I wish you to relieve my curiosity by explaining what you meant by saying that we had met in a worse place than up in the air."

"Can't you think of a worse place than that?"

"No."

"Down under the water."

The expression on my face caused a burst of laughter that was both tantalizing and becoming.

"You and I," she continued, "were on board the Titanic together on her last trip. We both went down or were sucked down with the vessel. I clutched some one under water. It was you. When we came up I was bereft of my senses. You unstrapped your life preserver and gave it to me. I clung to it till I was picked up."

In time I married the widow, who was wealthy, and she turned over to me the management of her affairs. One day while looking over some old papers of hers I came upon her check for \$20,000 payable to John Simpson. Then I knew who had advanced the money that had saved me from financial failure. I went to my wife, embraced her and covered her face with kisses. She wished me to explain my sudden demonstration of affection, but I paid her for keeping me in ignorance of where we had met by withholding my knowledge of the check.

Sidelights on the European War

Yokosuka, Japan. — (Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—Amid a roar of "banzai" the superdreadnaught Yamashiro which will carry 12 14-inch guns and which is about the same size as the United States superdreadnaught Pennsylvania was successfully launched recently at the Yokosuka naval dockyard. A special interest was attached to the ceremony because it came during the period of coronation. The emperor was represented by Prince Hirofumi Fushimi who delivered an imperial message to Vice Admiral Fujii, the commander of the station. The signal which sent the huge battleship into the water also released the cage of pigeons which took wing above the moving battleship and at the same time released a shower of gold leaves which sprinkled both ship and spectators.

The Yamashiro has a displacement of 39,900 tons and a speed of 22 knots an hour. In addition to 12 14-inch guns she will carry 16 6-inch guns. Her armor-plate is a foot in thickness. She is a sister ship of the Fusu which was launched several months ago.

Following is the comparative strength of the Yamashiro, Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain and the Pennsylvania of the United States:

Displacement	Armament	Speed
Yamashiro	12 14-inch	22 knots
Queen Elizabeth	8 15-inch	25
Pennsylvania	12 14-inch	21

The comparative strength of their batteries stands as follows:

Yamashiro	Queen Elizabeth	Pennsylvania
Weight of shells, lbs.	1,400	1,400
Muzzle velocity, ft. per sec.	2,700	2,700
Muzzle energy, ft. lbs.	70,770	83,425
Shell weight, broadside lb.	16,300	15,400
Power broadside, ft. tons	349,240	667,440

London.—The massacre corps which Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Paget started with 50 members at the beginning of the war has now increased to 700, all of whom are women. The idea of women massacres in military hospitals was regarded in the beginning by many army men as a